

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS

**DASHES HERE AND THERE BY THE
SUN'S REPORTERS**

Dodging the Little Judge—Fatty Walsh and Jerry Harrigan Don't Even Try to Woe the Gracie for the Assaulted Policeman James Quinn
Quinn with a bloodgown, on Nov. 3, 1932. At the assault Ogle ran away to California. He said, Quinn was a month in St. Vincent Hospital. Some months afterward, he was accused of demanding money from women. The drinking beer on post, and that charge to through. Somebody told Quinn that friends of Ogle wanted to get him off the force, and that he'd better go, or he'd be made to go. Quinn was in the street, and he was told to live at 140 Mulberry street. He was a woman's jaw, and went into retirement again. Policemen grow wearied looking for him. He returned last week.

Policemen Quinn heard in the Madison
dispute after his friends were making desperate efforts again to have him broke Sunday was Quinn's day off, and he spent the night in the Madison. He was a nightfall he caught him, and he took him

to the Times yesterday morning. "Early Wain
tumbled up the stone steps of the Temba cor-
ridor, and swung past Sergeant Cahill in the
middle of the room. Half way in he stopped, and
cried out:

"If it ain't Duffy, by all that's great!"

He turned on his heel and ran back to the
sidewalk. Further down the walk he was the
centre of an excited throng. "It's no use
looking for him," said one. "I'll have to wait."
"I can't do anything with Duffy."

A few minutes afterward Jerry Hartigan
came out of the Temba. "That's the fellow," he
said. "He's the fellow who got into the wrong
way, and was about going into the Justice's pri-
vate room, when he bethought himself, and
collected out of his head the policeman's Fin-
ch."

"Tell me, Maurice, who's that on the bench?"

"The little Judge," Finn replied.

"Go on," said the man in the top hat. "Hartigan
said, and he retraced his steps through the
hallway. He joined Ogle's friends and came
out into the street. Ogle was look-
ing up in the mean time.

She Changed her Mind

A man sat at the corner of Vesey and Water streets, looking down at a book as he crossed the street. He picked it up and he tried after her.

"Excuse me," he began, as he came up to her.

"What, sir, insult me?" she interrupted. "I have you arrested?"

"Haven't you lost something?" asked the man.

"I have business at the Church street police station," she said. "I have lost a book. Can you help me to claim your property there?"

"I have no business in this story to the sergeant in charge, who found that the pocketbook contained a purse," she said. "The young woman entered. She was very much excited."

"That pocketbook," he said, "was mine!" she exclaimed.

"And brought it here," added the sergeant. "I thought you had lost it."

The young woman expressed her thanks, and bow hurriedly.

His Seventeen Years of Prison Life.

William Johnson, an ex-convict, got in for ex Deputy Sheriff Thomas Desmond's room, in Brown street, on the night of Sept. 25, and stole \$170. He, however, stole Mr. Desmond, who grappled with him and was thrown down. He was taken to the station by police as a forger and burglar, who had stolen a pocketbook from James P. Moore. He pleaded guilty to the charge of burglary, and was sentenced to be hanged for ten years because he was 55 years old.

"I am not a criminal," he said, "because I have not been convicted of any crime. I am a man in state prison for burglary. The sentence of the Court, Johnson, is that you be imprisoned in state prison for ten years."

Is Theodore Hung Insane?

Theodore Hung, the discharged drug dealer

Who shot and killed his former employer, Adolphus Wain, the Harlem druggist, was arraigned yesterday at the Federal grand jury's court session. In the first degree. He pleaded not guilty, and Judge Eldersberg remanded him to the Tombs. Dr. Alvin Karpis, the Chicago politician, writes that in his opinion, the man is insane. He is charged with the murder of Dr. Fene, charged with forging commercial paper, and shown signs of insanity, that may be feigned.

Crying Out at Sight of a Man-slayer.

Coroner Levy and his jury waited half an hour yesterday for David Degnan to appear at the quest over the body of Robert K. Carmichael, whom Dan X. Sullivan killed in Patterson's saloon, 200 Seventh avenue, sitting on the platform in deep mourning over the death of his son. When Degnan was brought in, both women cried out in grief, and the jury members looked at him with sympathy. He was engaged on a case and could not come. His case was adjourned to Thursday at 4 P. M.

Cought by a Chambermaid.
James Harris broke into the basement of 47 residence at 349 Fifth avenue, on the 28th ult, and what he saw lay his hands on. Lizzie McNamee, chambermaid, saw him and called out to him, and he fled into the street. She followed him, and he cut her with a knife in the back of the neck. He was pleaded guilty yesterday in the general sessions, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of two years and six months.

At a Street Corner.
Charles L. Beckwith of 299 Clinton street, Brooklyn, dropped his pocketbook at Wall street corner, and it was picked up by a man who was looking for a job. The man had a letter in his pocket, and \$30. He turned back and saw Beckwith, and he ran. Beckwith followed him, and he cut him with a knife in the back of the neck. He was pleaded guilty yesterday in the general sessions, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of two years and six months.

A Highwayman's Sentence.
Patrick Costello, a butler, lately of 227 M street, knocked down John Leslie of 337 East 71st street at First avenue and Twenty-sixth street, Sept. 10, and stole his pocketbook. He was pleaded guilty yesterday in the general sessions, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of two years and six months.

Morris Bauer's Swindle.
Morris Bauer, the German who has reaped harvest from his fellow countrymen lately by means of a spurious employment agency, was held by Justice Patterson yesterday in \$500 bail, each on two complaints of swindling. Blumhord Meisner and Sattin, who charged that Bauer had obtained fees from them on promises of procuring them employment, and then sent them to false addresses.

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